

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You *Capulet* shall goe along with me,
And *Montague* come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this case:
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart. *Exeunt.*

Moun. Who set this ancient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began:

Ben. Heere were the seruants of your aduersarie,
And yours close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He swung about his head, and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne.
While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Wife. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an houre before the worship't Sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of *Sycamore*,
That West-ward rooteth from this City side:
So earely walking did I see your Sonne:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the couert of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most fought, wher most might not be found:
Being one too many by my weary selfe,
Pursued my Honour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Moun. Many a morning hath he there beene scene,
With teares augmenting the fresh mornings dew,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,
But all so soone as the all-cheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw
The shadie Curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light steales home my heauy Sonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night:
Blacked and portendous must this humour proue,
Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.

Ben. My Noble Vncle doe you know the cause?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

Ben. Haue you importun'd him by any meanes?

Moun. Both by my selfe and many others Friends,
But he his owne affections counsellor,
Is to himselfe: I will not say how true,
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an eniuous worme,
Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,
We would as willingly giue cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes, so please you step aside,
He know his greiuanee, or be much denide.

Moun. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To heare true shrift. Come Madam let's away. *Exeunt.*

Ben. Good morrow Cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new strooke nine.

Rom. Ay me, sad houres seeme long.

Was that my Father that went hence. *To fast?*

Ben. It was: what sadnes lengthens *Romeo's* houres?

Rom. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them short.

Ben. In loue.

Romeo. Out.

Ben. Of loue.

Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.

Ben. Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in prooffe.

Rom. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see path-ways to his will:
Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was heere?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:

Heere's much to do with hate, but more with loue:
Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O any thing, of nothing first created:

O heaue lightnesse, serious vanity,
Mishapen Chaos of wellseeing formes,
Feather of lead, bright smoake, cold fire, sicke health,

Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this.

Doe'st thou not laugh?

Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good hearts oppression.

Rom. Why such is loues transgression.

Griefes of mine owne lie heaue in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preast
With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,
Doth adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne.

Loue, is a smoake made with the fume of sighes,
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in Louers eyes,
Being vext, a Sea nourisht with louing teares,

What is it else? a madnesse, most discrete,
A choking gall, and a preferring sweet:
Farewell my Coze.

Ben. Soft I will goe along.

And if you leaue me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,

This is not *Romeo*, hee's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?

Rom. What shall I grone and tell thee?

Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who.

Rom. A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will:

A word ill vrg'd to one that is so ill:

In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.

Ben. I aynd so neare, when I supposed you lou'd.

Rom. A right good marke man, and shee's faire I loue.

Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well in that hit you misse, shee's not to be hit

With Cupids arrow, she hath *Diana's* wit:

And in strong prooffe of chastity well arm'd:

From loues weake childish Bow, she liues vncharm'd.

Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,
Nor bid th'incounter of assailing eyes.

Nor open her lap to Saint's seducing Gold:
O she is rich in beautie, ohely poore,

That when she dies, with beautie dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing make huge wast?

For beauty steru'd with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posteritie.

She

She is too faire, too wisewi: sely too faire,
To meric blisse by making me dispaire:
Take thou some new infeede:
She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to thinke.

Ben. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,

Examine other beauties,

Rom. 'Tis the way to call hers (exquisite) in question more,

The happy maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:

He that is strooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost:

Show me a Mistresse that is passing faire,
What doth her beauty serue but as a note,

Where I may read who past that passing faire.

Farewell thou can't not teach me to forget,

Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.

Capu. *Montague* is bound as well as I,

In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,

For men so old as wee, to keepe the peace.

Par. Of Honourable reckoning are you both,

And pittie 'tis you liu'd at odds so long:

But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?

Capu. But saying ore what I haue said before,

My Child is yet a stranger in the world,

Shee hath not scene the change of foueteene yeares,

Let two more Summers wither in their pride,

Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.

Par. Younger then shee, are happy mothers made.

Capu. And too soone mar'd are those so earely made:

Earth hath swallowed all my hopes: but shee,

Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth:

But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,

My will to her consent, is but a part.

And shee agree, within her scope of choise,

Lyes my consent, and faire according voice:

This night I hold an old accusom'd Feast,

Whereto I haue inuited many a Guest,

Such as I loue, and you among the store,

One more, most welcome makes my number more:

At my poore house, looke to behold this night,

Earth-treading starres, that make darke heauen light,

Such comfort as do lusty young men feele,

When well apparel'd Aprill on the heele

Of limping Winter treads, euen such delight

Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night

Inherit at my house: heare all, all see:

And like her most, whose merit most shall be:

Which one more view, of many, mine being one,

May stand in number, though in reckning none.

Come, goe with me: goe firrah trudge about,

Through faire *Verona*, find those perions out,

Whose names are written there, and to them say,

My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay. *Exit.*

Par. Find them out whose names are written. Heere it

is written, that the Shoo-maker should meddle with his

Yard, and the Tayler with his Last, the Fisher with his

Penfill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent to

find those perions whose names are writ, & can neuer find

what names the writing person hath here writ, (I must to

the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolo, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning,

One paine is lefued by anothers anguish:

Turne giddie, and be holpe

One desperate greefe, cure

Take thou some new infeede:

And the rank poyson of the

Rom. Your Plantan lea

Ben. For what I pray u

Rom. For your broken

Ben. Why *Romeo* art th

Rom. Not mad, but bou

Shut vp in prison, kept wi

Whipt and tormented: an

Ser. Godgigoden, I pre

Rom. I mine owne for

Ser. Perhaps you haue

But I pray can you read

Rom. I, if I know the L

Ser. Ye say honestly, re

Rom. Stay fellow, I can

He read

Ser. *Eigneur Martino*, and his

selfe and his beautious

nie, *Seigneur Placentio*, and

his brother *Valentine*: mine

ters: my faire Niece *Rosaline*

Cosen Tybalt: *Lucio* and the

A faire assembly, whither

Ser. Vp.

Rom. Whither? to sup

Ser. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Ser. My Maisters.

Rom. Indeed I should

Ser. Now Ile tell you

the great rich *Capulet*, and

Montagues I pray come

you merry.

Ben. At this same aun

Supps the faire *Rosaline*, wh

With all the admiard Bea

Go thither and with vnari

Compare her face with so

And I will make thee thin

Rom. When the deue

Maintaines such falsehood

And these who often dro

Transparent Heretiques b

One fairer then my loue:

Nere saw her match, since

Ben. Tut, you saw her

Herselfe poyl'd with her

But in that Christall scale

Your Ladies loue against

That I will show you, thin

And she shew scant shell,

Rom. Ile goe along, u

But to reioyce in splendo

Enter Capu

Wife Nurse wher's my

Nurse. Now by my M

I bad her come, what Lam

Where's this Gille? wh

Juliet. How now, wh

Nur. Your Mother.

Juliet. Madam I am h

Wife. This is the mar